

ENGLANDS TEARES, FOR THE PRESENT VVARs,

WHICH FOR THE NATVRE
of the Quarrell, the quality of Strength, the
diversity of Battailes, Skirmiges, Encounters, and
Sieges, (happened in so short a compasse of
time,) cannot be paralleld by any
precedent Age.



*Hei mihi, quàm miser è rugit Leo, Lilia languens,
Heu, Lyra, quàm mastos pulsat Hiberna sonos.*

ENGLAND TEARS FOR THE PRESENT WARS,

WHICH FOR THE NATURAL
of the Quarrell, the quality of the
diversity of Battles, Struggles, Encounters, and
Sieges (happened in a short compass of
time)



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**To my Imperiall Chamber,
The City of London.**

Renowned City,



*F any showers of adversity fall
on mee, some of the drops there-
of must needs dash on thy
Streetes. It is not a shower but
a furious Storme that powr's up-
on mee now, accompanied with
thunder and unusuall fulgurations. The fatall Cloud
wherein this storme lay long engendring, though,
when it began to condense first, it appeared but as
big as a hand, yet by degrees it hath spread to such a
vast expansion, that it hath diffus'd it selfe through all
my Regions, and obscur'd that faire face of Heaven,
which was used to shine upon me; If it last long, 'tis im-
possible but wee both should perish. Peace may, but
Warre must destroy. I see poverty posting a-
pace, and ready to knock at thy gates; That gastly her-
tenger of Death the Pestilence appears already.*

A 3

within

Englands Epistle to the City of London.

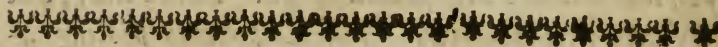
within and without thy Walls; And me thinks I spie
meager-fac'd Famine afarre off making towards thee;
nor can all thy elaborat circumvallations & trenches,
or any art of Enginry, keepe him out of thy line of
Communication if this hold. Therefore my deare
Daughter, thinke, Oh thinke upon some timely pre-
vention, 'tis the Counsell, and request of

Thy most Afflicted Mother

ENGLAND.



England's





England's Teares.



OH! that my head did flow with waters;
 Oh, that my Eyes were limbeckes through
 which might distill drops and essences of
 blood! Oh that I could melt away and
 dissolve all into teares more brackish
 than those Seas that surround me! Oh that
 I could weep my selfe blind, to prevent the seeing of those
 Mountaines of mischiefs that are like to fall downe upon
 me! Oh, that I could rend the Rocks that gird me about,
 and with my ejaculations teare and dissipate those black
 dismall Clouds which hang over me! Oh, that I could cleave
 the Ayre with my cries, that they might finde passage up
 to Heaven, and fetch downe the *Moone* (that wairry planet)
 to weep and wayle with me, or make old *Saturne* descend
 from his Spheare, to partake with me in my melancholy,
 and bring along with him the mournfull *Pleiades*, to make a
 full consort and sing *lacryme* with me, for that wofull
 taking, that desperate case, that most deplorable condition I
 have plung'd my selfe into unawares, by this unnaturall
 selfe-destroying warre, by this intricat odd kind of *Enigmatical*
Warre, wherein both Parties are so entangled (like a
 skeine of ravell'd silk) that they know not how to un-
 wind and untwist themselves, but by violent and destructive

wayes, by tearing my entrailes, by exhausting my vitall spirits, by breaking my very heart strings, to cure the Malady. Oh, I am deadly sick, and as that famous Chancellor of *France* spoke of the civill Warrs of his Countrey, That *France was sick of an unknown disease*; so if *Hippocrates* himselfe were living, he could not be able to tell the true symptoms of mine, though he felt my pulse, and made inspection into my water never so exactly; onely in the generall he may discover a strange kind of *infection* that hath seized upon the *affections* of my people; But for the disease it selfe it will gravell him to judge of it: nor can there be any prediction made of it, it is so sharp; which make some tell me that I cannot grow better, but by growing yet worse; That there is no way to stanch this Flux of Bloud, but by opening some of the master Veines: that it is not enough for me to have drunk so deepe of this Cup of affliction, but I must swallow up the dregs also.

Oh, Passenger stop thy pace, and if there be any sparkles of humane compassion glowing in thy bosome, stay a while and heare my plaints, and I know they will not onely strike a resentment, but a horror into thee; for they are of such a nature, that they are able to penetrate a breast of brasse, to mollifie a heart hoop'd with Adamant, to wring teares out of a statue of Marble.

I that have bin alwayes accounted the *Queen of Isles*, the *Darling of nature*, and *Neptunes Minion*; I that have been stil'd by the Character of *the first Daughter of the Church*, that have converted eight severall Nations; I that made the morning beames of Christianity shine upon *Scotland*, upon *Ireland*, and a good part of *France*; I that did irradiat *Denmarke*, *Switland* and *Norway* with the light thereof; I that brought the *Saxons*, with other *Germanes high and low*, from *Paganisme*, to the knowledge of the Gospel; I that had the

first *Christian* King that ever was (*Lucius*) and the first *reformed* King (the eight *Henry*) to raigne over mee; I out of whose bowells sprung the first *Christian Emperour* that ever was, *Constantine*; I that had five severall Kings, viz. *Iohn* King of France, *David* King of Scotland, *Peter* King of Boheme, and two *Irish* Kings my Captifs in lesse than one year; I under whose banner that great Emperour *Maximilian* tooke it an honor to serve in person, and receive pay from mee and quarter his Armes with mine; I that had the Lion rampant of Scotland lately added to fill up my Scutchen, and had reduc'd Ireland, after so many intermissive Wars, to such a perfect passe of obedience; I that to the wonderment and envy of all the World, preserved my dominions free, when all my neighbour Countries were a fire; I that did so wonderfully flourish and improve in commerce domestique and forren by Land and Sea; I that did so abound with bullion, with buildings, with all sort of bravery that heart could wish; in sum, I, that did live in that height of happinesse, in that affluence of all earthly felicity, that some thought I had yet remaining some ingots of that gold whereof the first age was made. Behold, I am now become the object of *pitty* to some, of *scorne* to others, of *laughter* to all people; my children abroad are driven to disavow mee for feare of being geerd, they dare not owne mee for their Mother, neither upon the *Rialto* of *Venice*, the *Berle* of *Auspurg*, the new Bridg of *Paris*, the *Cambios* of *Spaine*, or upon the *Quays* of *Holland*, for feare of being baffled. Me thinks I see my next neighbour *France*, (through whose bowells my gray-Goose wing flew so oft) making mov'es at mee, and saying, that whereas *shee* was wont to be the chiefe Theater where fortune us'd to play her pranks, *shee* hath now removed her stage hither; *shee* laughs at me that I should let the common people (and now lately the femalls) to know their strength so much.

Me thinks I see the *Spaniard* standing at a gaze, & crossing himself to see me so foolish as to execute the designs of my enemies upon my self. The *Italian* admires to see a people argue themselves thus into Armes, and to be so act'ive in their owne ruine; The *German* drinks carouses

that he hath now a Co-partner in his miseries ; The *Swed* rejoyces in a manner to see mee bring in a forren Nation to be my Champion; the *Netherlander* strikes his hand upon his breast, and protests that he wisheth me as well as once the Duke of *Burgundy* did *France*, when he swoare, *He lov'd France so well, that for one King he wish'd shee had twenty.*

Me thinks I see the *Turke* nodding with his *Turban*, and telling me that I should thanke Heaven for that distance which is betwixt us, els he would swallow me all up at one morsell ; onely the *Hollander* my bosome friend seems to resent my hard condition, yet hee thinks it no illfavoured sight to see his shops and lombards evry where full of my plundered goods, to find my trade cast into his hands, and that he can undersell me in my owne native commodities, to see my gold brought over in such heapes, by those that flie from me with all they have for their security ; In fine, me thinks I heare my neighbours about me bargaining very hotly for my skin, while like an unruly horse I run headlong to dash out my own braines.

O cursed *jealousie*, the source of all my sorrowes, the ground of all my inexpressible miseries, is it not enough for thee to creep in twixt the husband and the wife, twixt the *lemmon* and his mate, twixt parents and children, twixt *kinred* and friends ? hast thou not scope enough to sway in *private Families*, in staple societies, and Corporations, in *common counsell*s ; but thou must get in, twixt King and *Parlement*, twixt the head and the members (twixt the *Members* amongst themselves ?) but thou must divide Prince and people, *Soveraigne* and Subject. Avant, avant thou hollow-eyed *Snake-haired* monster, hence away into the abisse below, into the bottomlesse gulfe, thy proper mansion ; sit there in the chaire, and preside o're the counsell of hell, amongst the *Cacodemons*, and never ascend againe to turne my high law-making Court into a *Councell of Warre*, to turne my Cordials into Corrosives, and throw so many *Scruples* into that *Soveraigne* physique which was us'd to cure me of all distempers.

But when I well consider the constitution of this elementary world,

when

when I find man to be part of it, when I think on those light and changeable ingredients that go to his composition, I conclude, that men will be men while there is a World, and as long as the Moone hath an influxive power to make impressions upon their humors, they will be ever greedy and covetous of novelties and mutation; the common people will be still common people, they will sometime or other shew what they are, and vent their instable passions. And when I consider further the distractions, the tossings, tumoylings and tumblings of other Regions round about me, as well as mine owne, I conclude also, that kingdomes and states and Cities, and all body politiques are subject to convulsions, to calentures, and consumptions, as well as the frayle bodies of men, and must have an evacuation for their corrupt humours, they must be phlebotomiz'd; I have often felt this kind of phlebotomy, I have had also shrewd purges and pills given me, which did not only worke upon my superfluous humours, but wasted sometimes my very vital spirits, yet I had electuaries and *Cordials* given mee afterwards, in so much that this present tragedy is but *vetus fabula, novi Histriones*, it is but an old play represented by new Actors, I have often had the like. Therefore let no man wonder at these traverses and humour of change in mee. I remember there was as much wondring at the demolishing of my 600 and odd *Monasteries, Nunneries and Abbeys* for being held to be *Hives of drones*, as there is now at the pulling downe of my *Crosses, Organs and Windows*; There was as much wondering when the *Pope fell here, as now that the Prelates* are like to fall; The World wondered as much when the *Masse* was disliked, as men wonder now the *Lithurgy* should be distasted; And God grant that people do not take at last a surfet of that most divine Ordinance of *preaching*, for no violent thing lasts long. And though there should be no satiety in holy things, yet such is the depraved condition of man, he is naturally such a Changeling, that the over frequency and commonnesse of any thing, be it never so good, breeds in tract of time a kind of contempt in him, it breeds a fulnesse and nauousnes in him.

The first Reformation of my Church began at Court, and so was the more feafable, and it was brought to paffe without a Warre; The scene is now otherwife, it is farre more fanguinary and fuller of actors; never had a Tragedy *acts* of more variety in fo fhort a time; there was never fuch a confus'd *mysterious* civill Warre as this, there was never fo manybodies of ftrength on Sea and Shore, never fuch choice Armes and Artillerie, never fuch a numerous Cavallrie on both fides, never a greater eagernes and confidence, never fuch an amphibolous quarrell, both parties declaring themfelves for the King, and making ufe of his name in all their Remonftrances to juftifie their actions, The affection, and underftandings of people were never fo confounded and puzzled, not knowing where to acquiefce, by reafon of fuch counter-commands. One fide calls the refifting of Royall commands *loyalty*, the other termes *loyalty*, the oppofing of Parliamentary Orders and Ordinances. Both parties would have peace, the one would have it with *Honour*, the other with *Truth*, (and God forbid but both fhould go together) but, *Interea ringor Ego*, in the meane time I fuffer by both, the one taking away what the other leav's; Infomuch that whofoever will be curious to read the future ftory of this intricate Warre (if it be poffible to compile a ftory of it) he will find himfelfe muft stagger'd, and put to a kind of riddle; for touching the intricacy of it, touching the ftrange nature, or rather the unnaturalneffe of it, it cannot be parallel'd by any precedent example: for in my Chronicles I am fure no age can match it, as I will make it briefly appeare, by comparing it with all the Warrs that ever embroyld me, which I find to be of three forts, either by the *invafion* of Forreigners, the *Infurrection* of my Commons, or by the confederacy of my Peeres and Princes of the bloud.

I will not rake the afhes of Antiquity fo farre as to fpeake of that deluge of bloud I fpilt before I would take the *Roman* Legions for my Garrifon; I am loth to fet downe how the *Saxons* us'd me, and how the *Danes* us'd *Them*, nor how I had one whole brave race of people (the *Piëts* I meane) quite extinguifhed in me. I will begin

with the *Norman* expedition, and indeed to make researches of matters before, is but to grope in the darke, but I have authentique *Annales* and *Records* for things since. The *Norman* came in with the slaughter of neere upon sixty eight thousand Combatants upon the place, a *Battaile* so memorable, that the very ground which sucked in the blood retaines the *name* of it to this day. The *Dane* not long after strook in to recover his right, with the sacking of my second great City of *Yorke*, and the fying of her, with the slaughter of 3000 of my children in one afternoone, yet hee was sent away without his arrand. In the raigne of *Rufus* I was made of his colour, red with blood both by the *Welsh* and the *Scot*, who lost his King *Malcolme* in the *Battaile* of *Alnwick*. All my eight *Henries* were infested with some civill broyles, except my *fift Henry* the greatest of them, who had work enough cut him out in *France*, and he plied his worke so well that he put that Crowne upon his Sonnes head. All my *Edwards* also had some *intestin* insurrection or other; indeed two of my three *Richards* had alwayes quietnesse at home, though the *first* did go the furthest off from me, and was longest absent of any; And the *third*, though he came in by blood, yet the short time of his trienniall Raigne he was without any, and prov'd one of my best Lawgivers, yet his life ended in blood. Touching my *second Richard*, and *second Edward*, there were never any of my Kings came to a more Tragique end, and the greatest stains in my story were the violent deaths they suffered by the hands of their owne (*Pegicide*) Subjects. The two *sister Queenes* that swayed my Scepter had also some domestique commotions; and now my *CHARLES* hath them to the height, in so much that of those *five and twenty Monarques* who have worne my *diadems* since the *Norman* entred, there was onely fower, viz. the forementioned *Henry*, and *Richards*, with King *JAMES* scaped free from all *intestin* broyles! Oh how it torments my Soule to remember how my *Barons* did teare my bowells! what an Ocean of blood the two *Roses* cost mee before they were conjoined, for during the time that I was a Monster with two heads (made so

by their division) I meane during the time that I had two Kings at once, *Edward the fourth*, and *Henry the sixth* within me, in five yeares space I had *twelve* Battailles fought within my entrailes, and I lost neere upon fourescore Princes of the royall stem, and parted with more of my spirits than there were spent in winning of *France*. The World knowes how free and prodigall I have bin of my bloud abroad in diverse places, I watered the *Holy Land* with much of it ; Against my Co-Islander the *Scot* I had above twenty pitch'd Battails, tooke many, and kil'd some of their Kings in the Field, the *Flower de lues* cost me deare before I brought them over upon my Sword; and the reduction of *Ireland* from time to time to civility, and to an exact rule of allegiance, wasted my children in great numbers. I never grudg'd to venture my bloud this way, for I ever had glorious returnes for it, and my Sons died in the bed of honour : but for them to glut themselves with one anothers bloud, for them to lacerat and rip up (viper-like) the womb that brought them forth, to teare the Paps that gave them suck, can there be a greater piacle against nature ? can there be a more execrable and horrid thing ? If a *stranger* had us'd me thus it would not have griev'd me halfe so much ; *It is better to be stung with a nettle, than prick'd by a Rose* ; I had rather suffer by an Enemy, than by my owne naturall borne ospring. Those former home wag'd Warrs, whereof there happened above fourescore since the *Norman* came in, were but as fires of Flax in comparison of this horrid combustion both in my Church and State. One may finde those Warrs epitomiz'd in small *volumes*, but a whole *library* cannot containe this. They were but *Scratches* being compar'd to these deep wounds which *Prince, Peere* and people have receiv'd, by this ; such wounds, that it seems no gentle Cataplasmes can cure them, they must be lanc'd and cauteriz'd, and the huge scars they will leave behind them, will, I feare, make me appeare deformed and ugly to all posterity, so that I I am half in despair to recover my former beauty ever again. The deep stains these Wars will leave behinde, I fear all the water of the *Severne, Trent* or *Thames*, cannot wash away.

The twentieth Moon hath not yet run her cours, since the two-edged sword of War hath rag'd and done many horrid executions within me, since that Hellish invention of powder hath thundred in every corner, since it hath darkned and torne my well-tempered air, since I have weltered in my own blood, and bin made a kinde of Cockpit, a Theater of death; And in so short a circumvolution of time, I may confidently affirm, take battailes, re-encounters, sieges, and skirmishes together, there never hapned so many in any Countrey; nor do I see any appearance, (the more is my miserie) of any period to be put to these Distractions. Every day is spectator of some new Tragedie, and the relations that are hourelly blaz'd abroad sound sometimes well on the one side, sometimes on the other, like a peal of bells in windy weather (though often times in a whole *volley* of Newes you shall hardly finde one true *Réport*) which makes me fear that the all-disposing Deity of Heaven continueth the successes of both parties in a kinde of equality, to prolong my punishment. *Ita ferior, ut diu me sentiam mori*, I am wounded with that dexterity, that the sence and agonies of my sufferings are like to be extended to the uttermost length of time, and possibility of nature.

But, O Passenger, if thou art desirous to know the cause of these fatall discomposures, of this *inextricable* war, truly I must deal plainly, I cannot resolve thee herein to any full satisfaction. Grievances there were I must confesse, and some incongruities in my Civill government (wherein some say the *Crozier*, some say the *Distaffe* was too busie) but I little thought, God wot, that those grievances required a redresse this way. Do'st thou ask me whether *Religion* was the cause, God forbid; That innocent and holy Matron had rather go clad in the snowy white robes of meeknesse and longanimity, than in a vest of Sanguine dye: her practise hath been to overcome by a passive fortitude without re-action, and to triumph in the milk-white Ivory Chariot of innocency and patience, not to be hurried away with the fiery wheels of war, *les larmes* not *les armes*, (as my next neighbour hath it) *Grones* not *Gunnies* were used to be her wea-

pons unlesse in case of open and impendent danger, of invincible necessity, and visible actuall oppression ; and then the Armes she useth most is the *Target* to shroud her self under, and sence away the blow, shee leaves all other weapons to the *Aicharon* to propagate and expand it self. This gentle grave Lady, though the *Rubrickes* of her *Service* be in red characters, yet shee is no lover of *Blood* ; shee is an improver of *Peace*, and the sole object of her Devotion is the God of Peace in whose Highest Name, in the name *Jehovah*, as the *Rabbies* observe, all the letters are *quiescent*. That sacred Comforter, which inspires her Ambassadors, uses to ascend in form of a *Dove*, not in the likenesse of a devouring *vulture*, and he that brings him down so, may be said to sin against the holy Ghost ; To beat Religion into the braines with a Poleaxe, is to make a *Moloch* of the *Messias*, to offer him victims of humane blood ; Therefore I should traduce and much wrong *Religion* if I should cast this war upon her : yet methinks I here this holy distressed Matron lament that shee is not also without her grievances ; some of her chiefeest Governours (for want of moderation) could not be content to walk upon the battlements of the Church, but they must put themselves upon stilts, and thence mount up to the Turrets of civill policy ; some of her Preachers grew to be meer Parasites, some to the *Court*, some to the *Country* ; some would have nothing in their mouthes but *Prerogative*, others nothing but *Priviledge* ; some would give the Crown all, some nothing at all ; some to feed zeal, would famish the understanding ; others to feast the understanding, and tickle the outward ear (with essays and flourishes of rhethoricke) would quite starve the soule of her true food, &c.

But the principall thing that I hear that Reverend Ladie, (that Queen of soules, and key of heaven) make her mone of, is, that that *Seamelesse* garment of Vnity and Love, which our Saviour left her for a legacie, should bee torne and rent into so many Scissures and Sects, by those that would make that coat which she wore in her infancy, to serve her in her riper yeeres. I hear her cry out at the mon-

strouse exorbitant liberty that almost every capricious Mechanique takes to himself to shape and forme what Religion he list: for the world is come now to that passe, That the *Taylor* and *Shoomaker* may cut out what Religion they please; The *Vintner* and *Tapster* may broach what Religion they please; The *Druggest* and *Apotbecary* may mingle her as they please, The *Haberdasher* may put her upon what *block* he pleases; The *Armourer* and *Cutler* may furbish her as they please; The *Dyer* may put what colour, the *Painter* may put what face upon her he please; The *Draper* and *Mercer* may measure her as they please; The *Weaver* may cast her upon what loom he please; The *Boatswain* and *Mariner* may bring her to what docke they please; The *Barber* may trim her as he please; The *Gardiner* may lop her as he please; The *Blacksmith* may forge what Religion he please, and so every *Artizan* according to his profession and fancie may form her as he please. Me thinks I hear that venerable Matron complaine further, how her *Pulpits* in some places are become *Beacons*; How in lue of lights, her Churches up and down are full of Firebrands; How every caprichio of the brain is term'd tenderness of Conscience, vvhich well examined is nothing but some franticke fancy, or fenzie of some shallovv-braind *Sciolist*; and vvhereas others have bin us'd to run mad for excesse of knowvledge, some of my children grovv mad novv a daies out of tvvo much ignorance. It stands upon record in my story, that when the *Norman* had taken firm footing within me, he did demolish many Churches and Chappels in *New-Forrest*, to make it fitter for his pleasure and venery, but amongst other judgements which fell upon this Sacriledge, one vvvas, that *tame* fowvl grew *Wilde*; I fear God Almighty is more angry vvith me novv then than, and that I am guilty of vvorse crimes; for not my *Fowl*, but my *Folke* and people are grown half wild in many places, they would not worry one another so in that Wolvish belluine manner else, they would not precipitate themselves else into such a mixt mungrell War, a War that passeth all understanding; They would not cut their own throats, hang,

drown, and do themselves away in such a desperate sort, which is now grown so common, that self-murther is scarce accounted any newes; which makes Strangers cry out, that I am all turn'd into a kinde of Great *Bedlam*; that *Barbary* is come into the midst of me; hat my children are grown so savage, so flesh'd in blood, and become so inhumane and obdurate, that with the same tenderesse of sence they can see a man fall, as a horse, or some other bruit Animall, they have so lost all reverence to the image of their Creatour, which was used to be more valued in me, than amongst any other Nations.

But I hope my King and great Councell will take a course to bring them to their old English temper againe, to cure me of this *vertigo*, and preserve me from ruine; for such is my desperate case, that as there is more difficultie, so it would be a greater honour for them to prevent my destruction, and pull me out of this plunge, than to adde unto me a whole new kingdome; for true wisdome hath alwayes gloried as much in conservatiou, as in conquest.

The *Roman*, though his ambition of conquering had no horizon, yet he us'd to triumph more (as multitudes of examples might be produc'd) at the composing of an intestine war, than for any new conquest, or forzen achievement whatsoever; And though hee was a great martiall man, and lov'd fighting as well as any other, yet his maxime was, *That no peace could be so bad, but it was preferrable to the best war.* It seemes the *Italian* his successor retains the same genius to this day. by the late peace, (notwithstanding the many knots that were in the thing) which hee concluded: For although six absolute Princes were interress'd in the quarrell, and that they had all just pretences, and were heated and heightned in their designs, yet rather than they would dilaniat the entrailles of their owne mother (*saire Italy*) and expose her thereby to be ravish'd by *Tramontanes*, they met half way, and complied with one another in a gallant kind of freedome, though everie one bore his share in some inconvenience. Oh that my children would be mov'd by this so reasonable example of the *Italian*, who amongst other of his characters, is said to be *wise à priori*, before

the blow is given. I desire my gracious Sovereigne to think, that it was never held inglorious or derogatorie for a King to be guided and to steere his course by the compasse of his great Councell, and to make his understanding descend, and condescend to their advice; nor was it ever held dishonourable for subjects to yeeld and bow to their King (to be *Willowes*, not *Oakes*) and if any mistake should happen, to take it upon themselves, rather than any should reflect upon their Sovereigne. And if, in case of difference, hee be willing to meet them halfe way, 'twere handsome they went three parts thereof to prevent him. Therefore I conjure them both in the name of the great Deitie of Heaven, (*who transvolves kingdomes, and tumbleth downe kings in his indignation*) that they would think of some speedie way to stop this issue of blood; for to deale plainly with them, I see far greater reason to *conclude* this war, than ever there was to *commence* it: Let them consider well they are but outward Church rites and ceremonies they fight for, as the rigidst sort of Reformers confesse; the Lutheran (the first Reformist) hath many more conformable to the Church of Rome, which he hath continued these 120 yeares, yet is he as far from *Rome* as the first day he left her, and as free from danger of relapse into Poperie as *Amsterdam* herselfe; and must I, unhappie I, be lacerated and torne in peeces thus for shadowes and ceremonies? I know there is a clashing 'twixt Prerogative and Priviledge, but I must put them in mind of the misfortune that befell the flock of sheep and the Bell-weather, whereof the first fed in a common, the latter in an inclosure, and thinking to break into one anothers pasture (as *all creatures naturally desire change*) and being to passe over a narrow-narrow bridge which sever'd them, they met in the middle and justled one another so long, till both fell into the ditch. And now that I have begun, I will warnethem by another fable of the *Spanish Mule*, who having by accident gone out of the great road, and carried her Rider thorow a by-path upon the top of a huge steeple rock, stopp'd upon a sudden, and being not able to turne and goe backward, by reason of the narrownesse of the path, nor forward, in regard of a

huge Rockie precipice, shee gently put one foot behind the other, and recoyl'd in that manner, untill she had found the great road againe.

I desire my high Councell to consider, that the royall Prerogative is like the Sea, which, as Navigators observe, what it loseth at one time or in one place, gets alwaies in some other; I desire my deare King to consider, that the priviledge of Parlemt, the Laws and liberties of the Subject, is the greatest support of his Crown, that his great Councell is the truest glasse wherin he may discerne his peoples love, and His own, happinesse; It were wisdom that both did strike saile in so dangerous a storme, to avoyd Shipwrack, I am loth to say, what consultations, what plots, and machinations are fomenting and forging abroad against me, by that time I have enfeebled and wasted my selfe, and lost the flower of my best children in these wofull broyles. Me thinks I spie the Jesuit sitting in his cell and laughing in his sleeve at me, and crying out, The Devill part the Fray, for they do but execute my designs.

Oh, I feele a cold quame come over my heart, that I faint, I can speake no longer; yet I will straine my selfe to breath out this invocation, which shall be my conclusion.

Sweet Peace, most benigne and amiable Goddesse, how comes it to passe that thou hast so abandon'd Earth, and taking thy flight to Heaven, as once Astræa did, dost reject the sighs and Sacrifices of poore mortalls? was that flaming Usher of Gods vengeance which appear'd six and twenty yeares since in the Heavens, the Herald that fetch'd thee away? for ever since poore Europe hath bin harass'd, and pittifully rent up and downe with Warres, and now I am become the last Scene. Gentle pence, thou which goest always attended on by plenty and pleasure, Thou which fillest the husbandmans Barnes, The Grasers folds, the Tradesmans shop, the Vintners cellars, the Lawyers desk, the Merchants Magazines, the Princes trefury, how comes it to passe that thou hast given up thy Throne to Bellona, that all-destroying fury? Behold how my plundred Yeoman wants Hinds and Horseto Plow up my fertile Soyle; the poore labourer who useth to ming-

gle the morning dew with his anheled sweat, shakes at his Worke for feare of pressing; The Tradesman shuts up his shop, and keepes more Holydaies than willingly hee would; The Merchant walks to the Exchange onely to learne newes, not to negotiate. Sweet Peace, thou which wast us'd to make Princes Courts triumph with Tilt and Tournements, with other Gallantries, to make them receive lustre by forren Ambassadors; to make the Arts and Sciences flourish; to make Cities and Suburbs shine with goodly structures; to make the Country ring with the Hunts-mans Horne, and the Shepheards Pipe; how comes it to passe that bloud-thirsty discord now usurps thy place, and flings about her Snakes in every corner? Behold, my Prince his Court is now full of nothing but Buff-Coats, Spanners and Musket Rests; The Countrey Echos with nothing but with the sound of Drums and Trumpets. Heark how pittifully my Lions roare, how dejectedly my Roses and Flower de luces hang downe their heads, what dolefull straines my Harpe gives.

O consider my case most blisfull Queene, descend, descend againe in thy Ivory Chariot; resume thy Throne, Crowne thy Temples with thy wonted laurell and Olive, bar up Ianus gates, and make new Halcionian dayes to shine in this Hemisphere; dispell those Clouds which bover twixt my King and his highest Counsell, chase away all jealousies and ombrages of mistrust, that my great law-making Court be forc'd to turne no more to polemicall Committees, and to a Counsell of Warre (unlesse it be for some forren Conquest,) but that they may come againe to the old Parlemtary Roade; To the path of their predecessors, to consult of meanes how to sweepe away those Cobwebs that hang in the Courts of Iustice, and to make the Lawes run in the right Channell; to retrench excessive fees, and find remedies for the future, that the poore Client be not so peel'd by his Lawyer, and made to suffer by such monstrous delays, that one may go from one tropique to the other, and crosse the Equinoctiall twenty times, before his sute be done; that they may think on a course to restraine Gold and Silver from travelling without license, with other staple commodities, and to punish those that transport Hides for Calfe-Skinnes; To advance native commodities

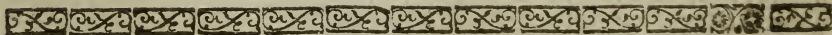
and Manufactures, to ballance and improve Trade, and settle it so, that it may stand upon its owne Bottome, and not by any *accidental wayes*, as of late yeares a glut of Trade was cast upon me by the Warres twixt *France* and the House of *Austria*, and others.

That this Trade of mine (my chiefeſt ſinew) be not caſt into the hands of Aliens, who eate mee out in many places in my owne commodities ; That it bee prevented hereafter, that one bee not permitted to ingroſſe and ingulph all, but that my Trade and wealth may by ſome wholeſome policy be diffuſ'd up and down my Cities in a more equall diſtribution. That they may adviſe of a way to relieve the Orphan, who ſuffers more for his minority in me, than any where elſe ; That the poore *Insolvent* Subject be not ſo buried alive, and made to rot in *Prison*, notwithstanding his apparant diſability, whereas were he abroad he might be uſefull to the Common-Wealth ſome way or other, and come happily afterwards to an ability to pay. To regulate the buſineſſe of drain'd lands ; which well manag'd would tend very much both to enlarge and enrich my *Quarters*. To ſecure the Dominion of my Seas, the faireſt Flower of my Crowne, which is now almoſt quite loſt. To preſerve my Woods, whereof, if this courſe hold, their wil hardly bee found in ſome places enough to make a Tooth-pick. To ſettle the revenues, and ſupplie the wants of my Crown ; for the wants of the Crown, and the Grievances of the Subject have bin alwaies uſed to go hand in hand in my Parlements. And now, that my neighbour Princes (ſpecially, *France* and *Spain*) have of late yeeres enhanc'd the revenue royall, at leaſt to the third part more than it was, it were a diſparagement to me, that my King ſhould not bear up in Equall proportion, and point of Greatneſſe this way, conſidering that he hath more of the Royall Stem to maintain, than any of his Progenitors ever had. Laſtly, that they may ſettle a way to regulate all exorbitant fancies of noveliſts, in the exerciſe of holy Religion : Where there is no obedience, ſubordination, & reſtrictive Lawes to curb the changeable humours and extravagancies of men,

there can be no Peace or Piety : if the fire be not kept within the tunnell of the Chimney, and that some be appointed to sweep down the Soot (which may be done otherwise than by shooting up of Muskets) the whole House will be in danger of burning.

Oh me, I feel the pangs of death assail mee, let some good body go toll the bell; And as one of my Kings, the night before he was slain in *New-forrest*, for the expiation of his fathers Sacriledge, did dream that a cold winde did passe through his bowels, so me thinks, I feel a bleak cold *Northern* blast blowing upon me, which I fear will make an end of me: It is a miracle if I scape, tis onely the high hand of Providence can preserve me. If I and my *Monarchy* miscarry, I desire that my Epitaph may be written (in regard I know him to have been a long time not onely sensible but a sharer with me in point of suffering) by my dearly beloved Childe

James Howell.



To



To the discerning Reader.

HE that with a well-weigh'd judgement observeth the passions of this Discourse, must needs conclude, that the Author (beside his own hard condition) hath a deep sence of the common calamities of this Countrey in generall; which makes him break out into such pathetique expressions. And because he might do it with more freedome, and lesse presumption, he makes England her selfe to breath out his disordred passions. Wee know a Mother hath a prerogative by nature to speake home unto her children, and sometimes in a chiding way (though with teares in her eyes) to give them advice: The same doth England in this discours; but with all the indulgence and indifferency that may be to both parties. Therefore the Author humble hopes, that no exception, much lesse any offence, will be taken at Her complaints, or Counsell.

I.H.

FINIS.

